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A



MOVIE SPECIAL

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ALIEN NATION™

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION
OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX MOTION PICTURE



BY MARTIN PASKO AND JERRY BINGHAM



ALIEN NATION™

Adapted from
the screenplay by
ROCKNE S. O'BANNON

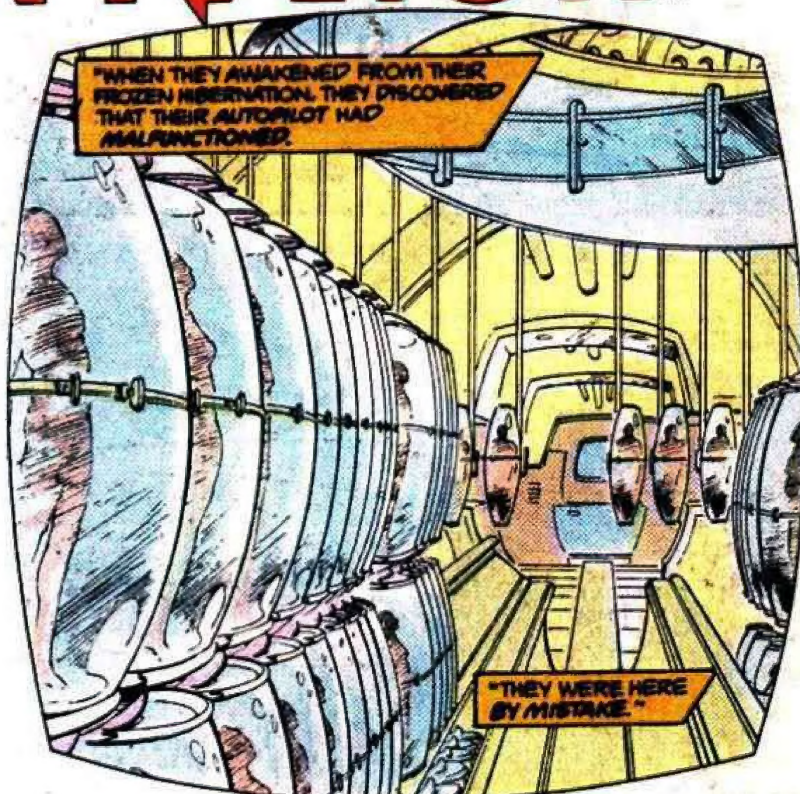
Martin Pasko
Writer

Jerry Bingham
Artist

Bob Pinaha
Letterer

Jerry Serpe
Colorist

Robert Greenberger
Editor

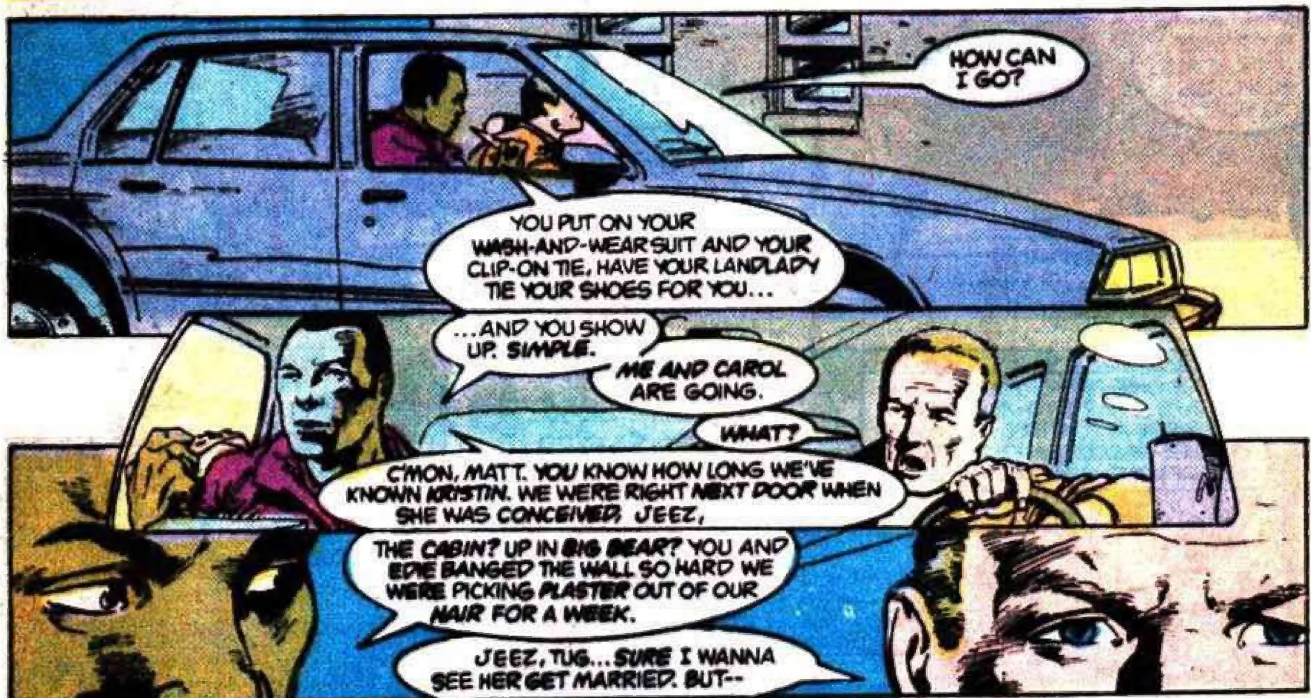


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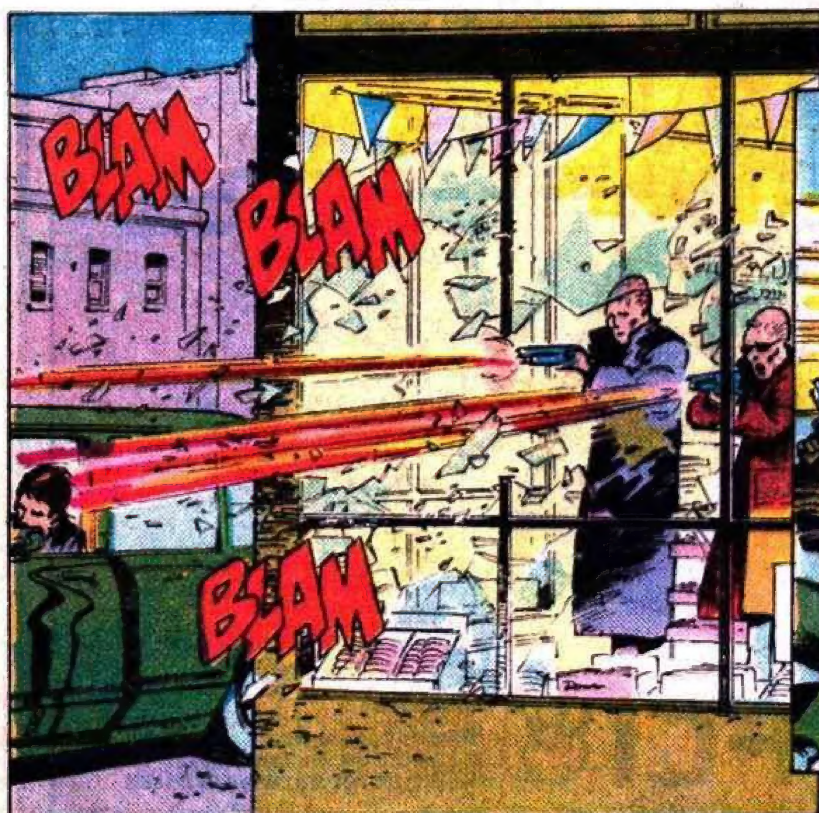
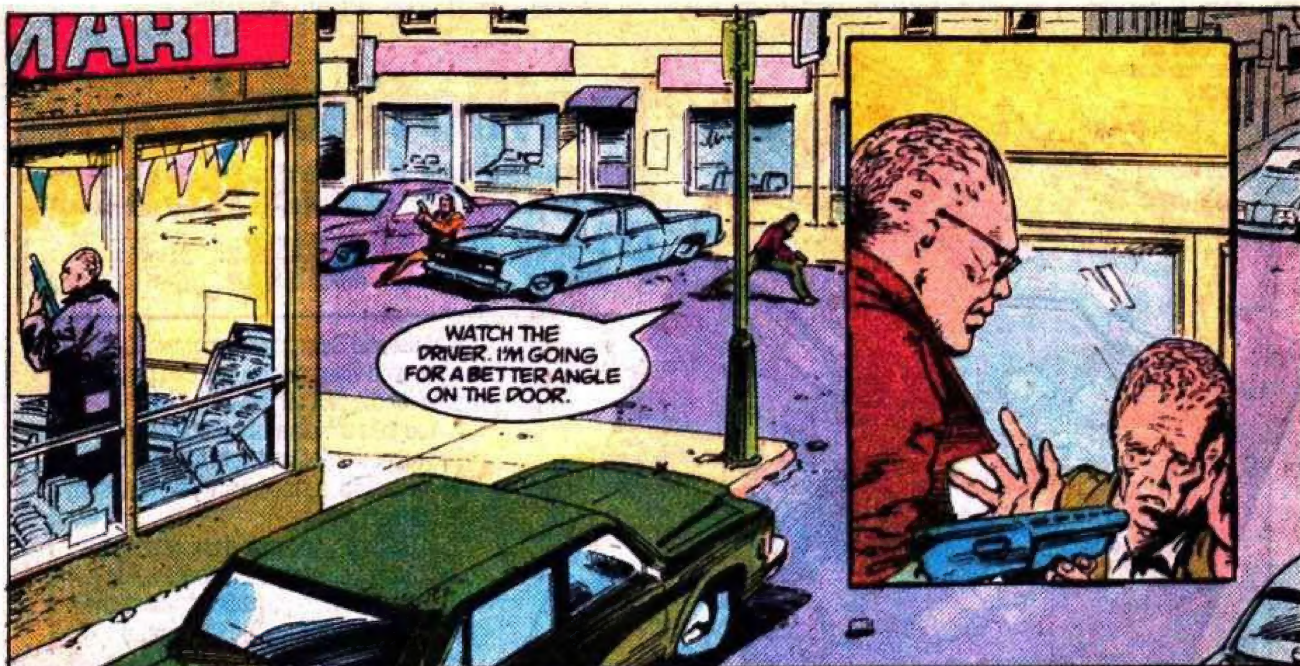
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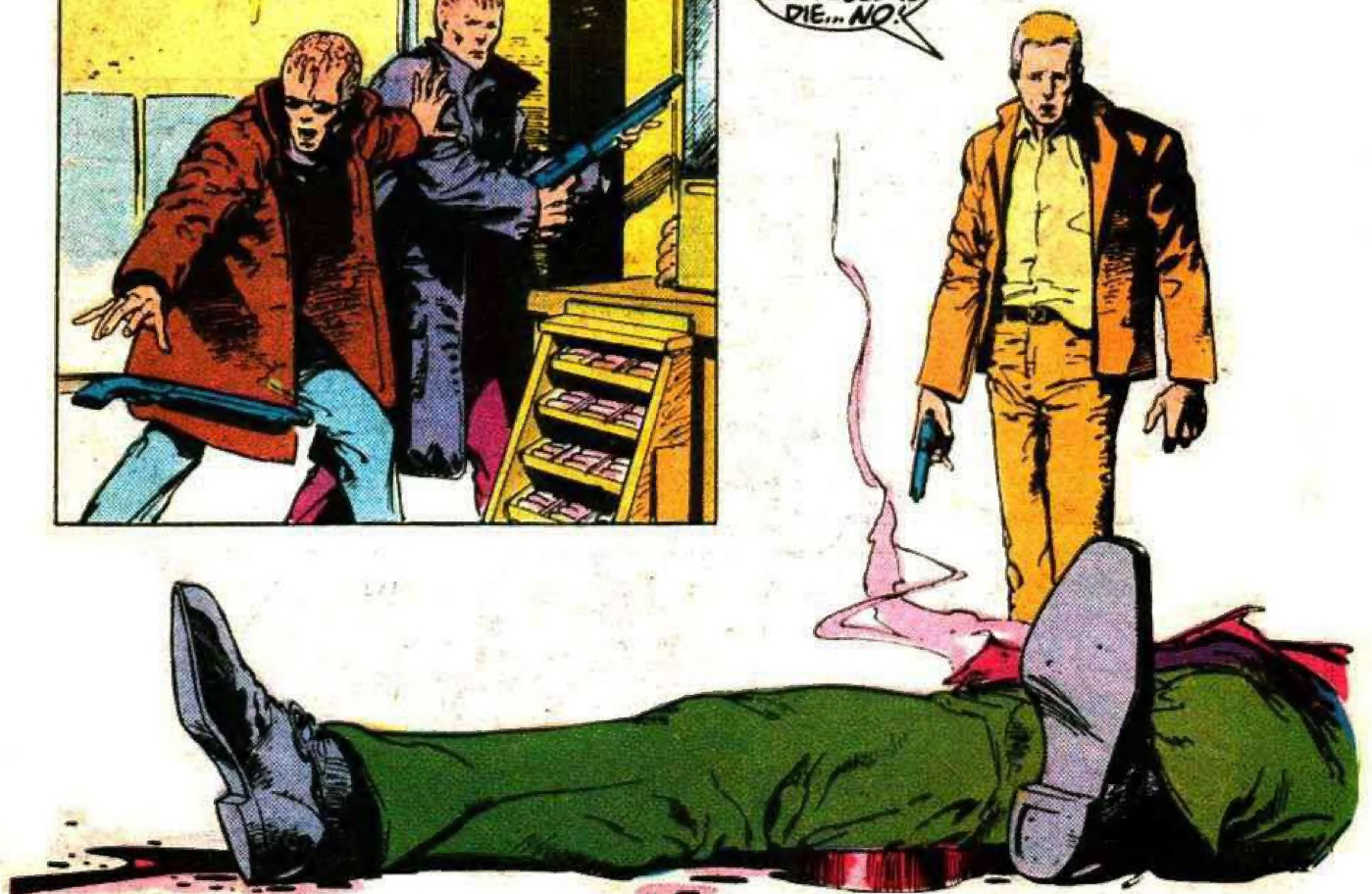


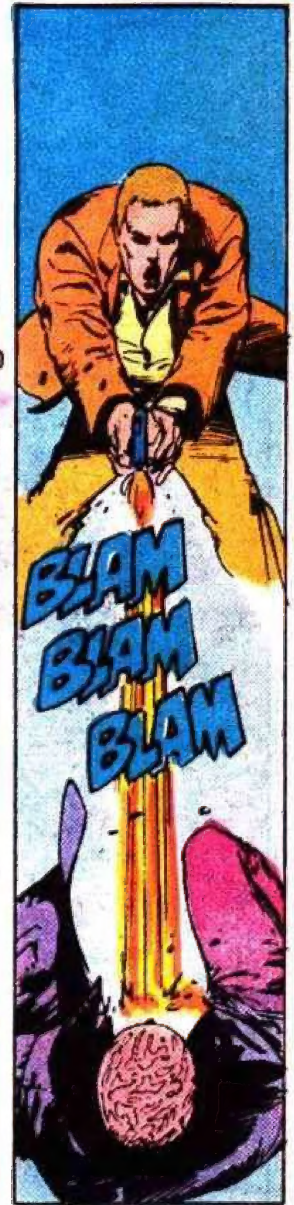
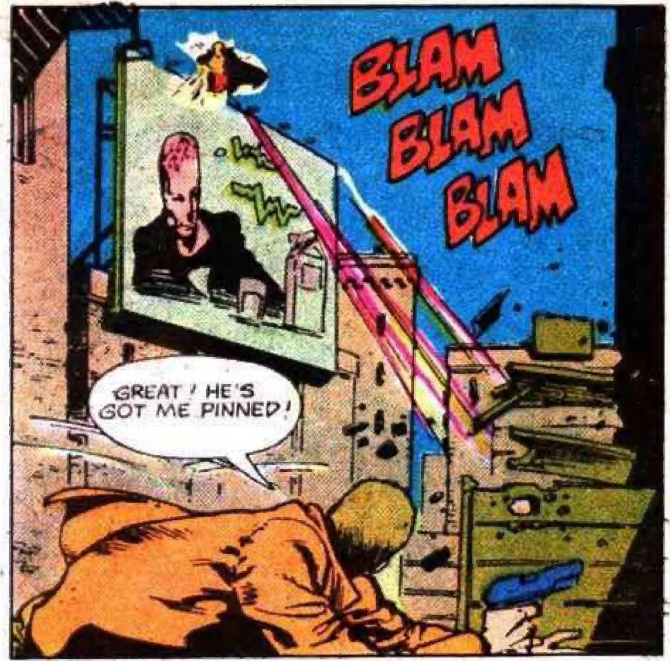




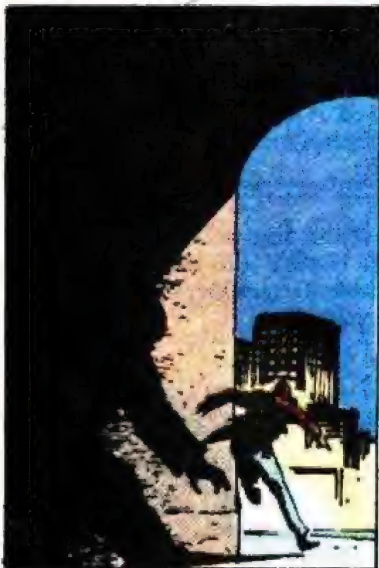


AW, NO...
YOU WEREN'T
SUPPOSED TO
DIE... NO!

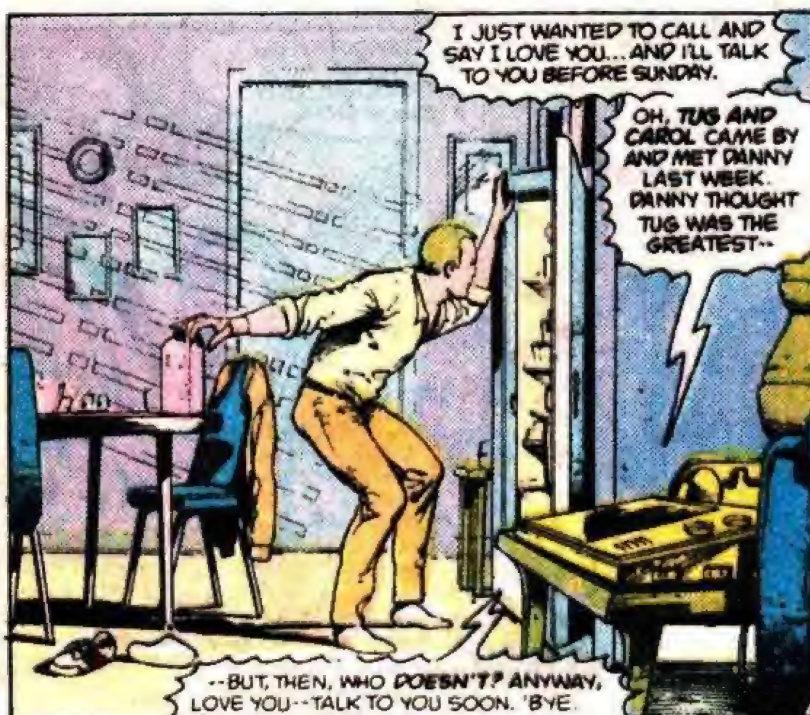












"I HAVE A DIRECTIVE FROM CHIEF EVANER, ACTING ON ORDERS FROM THE MAYOR, WHO IS UNDER MANDATE FROM THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF NEWCOMER RELATIONS.

"AS OF 9:00 THIS MORNING, ONE NEWCOMER UNIFORM OFFICER HAS BEEN PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF DETECTIVE, THIRD GRADE.

"VOLUNTEERS FOR DUTY WITH THE NEW DETECTIVE SHOULD SEE ME IN MY OFFICE... OTHERWISE I WILL CHOOSE A VOLUNTEER MYSELF."

WHERE THE BLAZES IS HE GOIN'?

CAPTAIN, I'D LIKE TO VOLUNTEER...

YOU'RE TO STAY AWAY FROM THE INVESTIGATION INTO BILL TUGGLE'S DEATH--

I KNOW--DEPARTMENTAL POLICY. ACTUALLY, IT'S THE HUBLEY CASE I WANT...

ALREADY ASSIGNED.

I JUST THOUGHT, WHAT WITH THIS FIRST NEWCOMER PLAIN-CLOTHES...

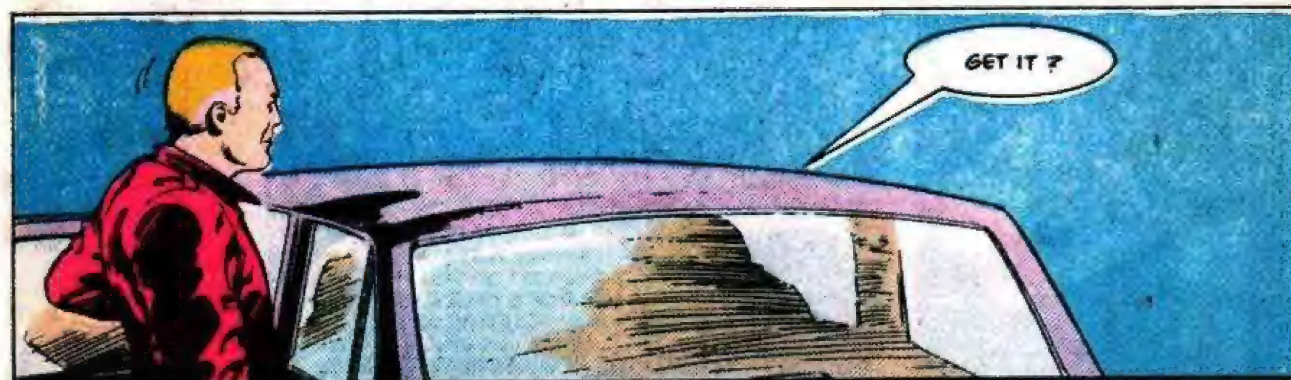
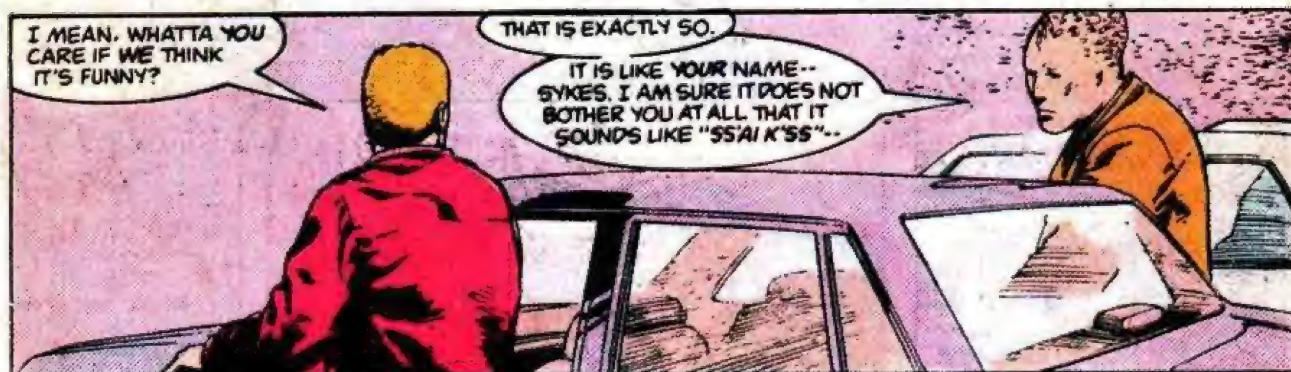
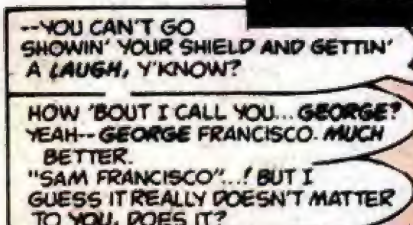
...AND HUBLEY'S BODY BEIN' FOUND IN THE NEWCOMER COMMUNITY AND ALL...

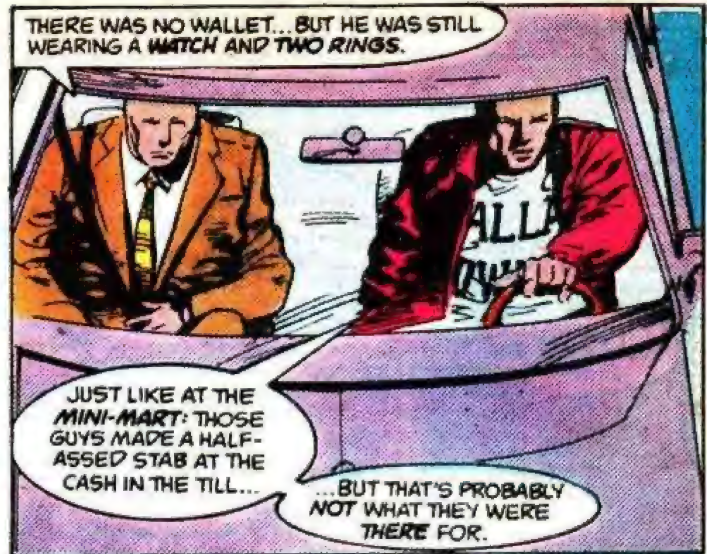
SERGEANT... I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE DOING, WHEN WE MET BEFORE...

GET THIS STRAIGHT, FRANCISCO: WE'RE NOT PALS... WE'RE NOT MARRIED... WE AIN'T TAKIN' MOONLIT WALKS TOGETHER. WE'RE JUST WORKING TOGETHER.

AND CALL ME SYKES, OR MATT IF YOU HAVE TO.

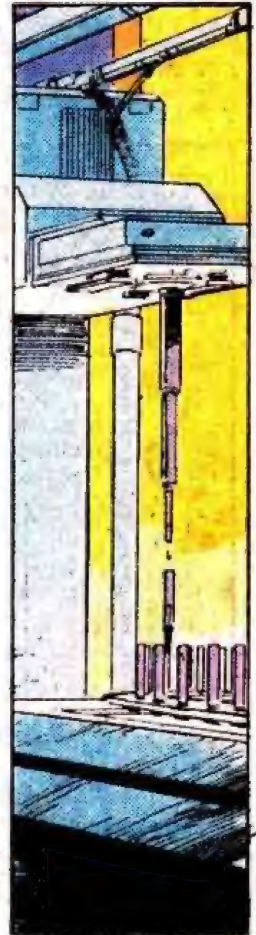
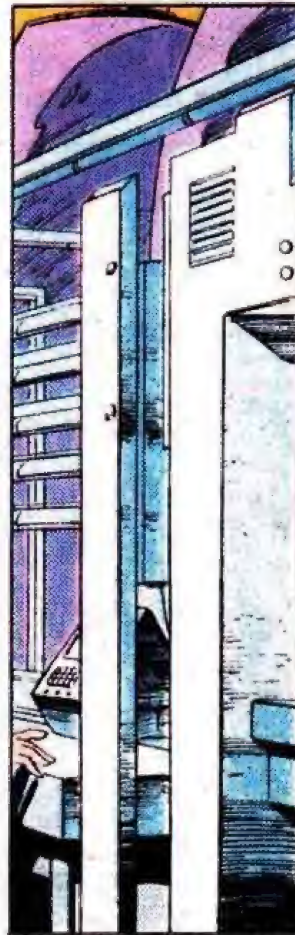
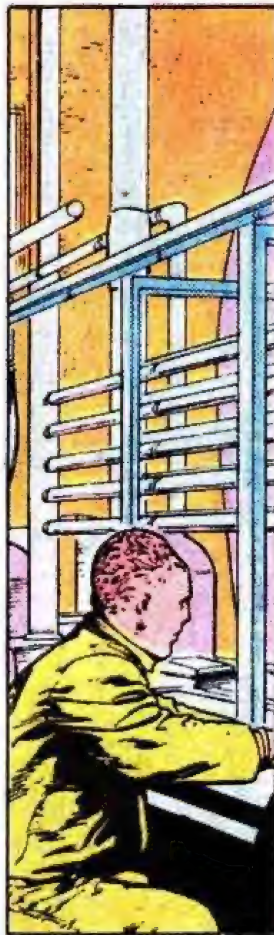
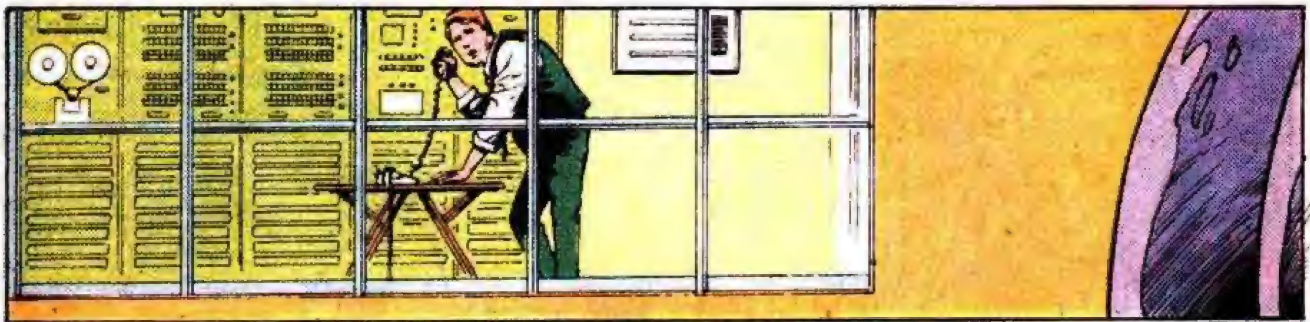
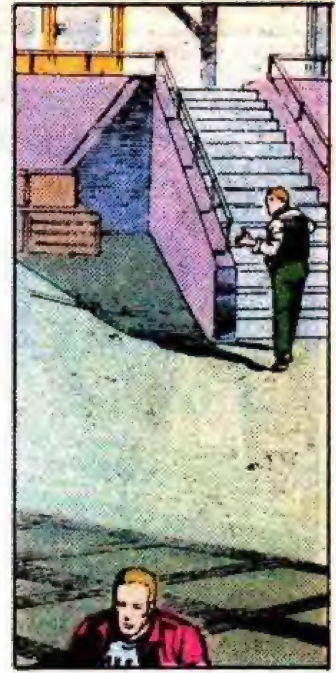
HE'S GOT A POINT, CAPTAIN. THAT'S JUST THE SORT OF THING THE MAYOR'S OFFICE FEELS WE SHOULD BE DOING WITH THIS EARLY ADVANCEMENT PROGRAM.

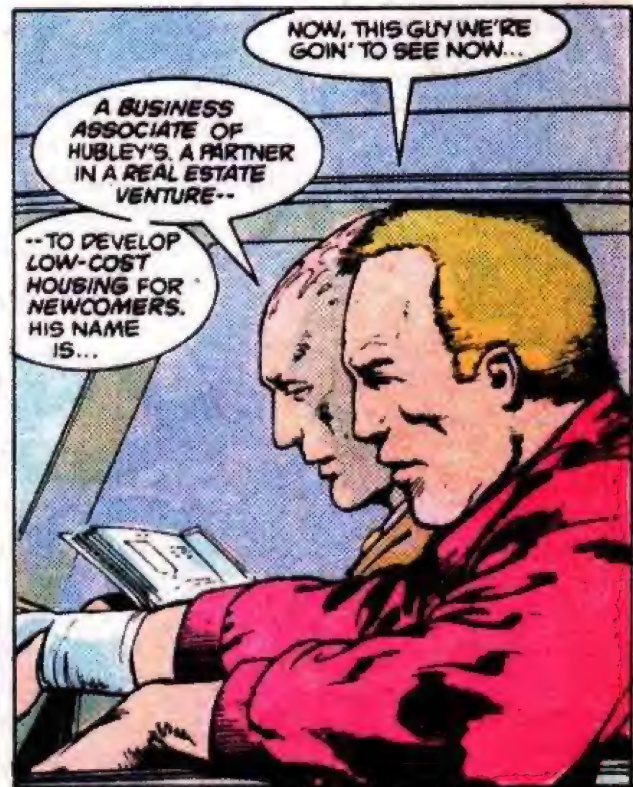
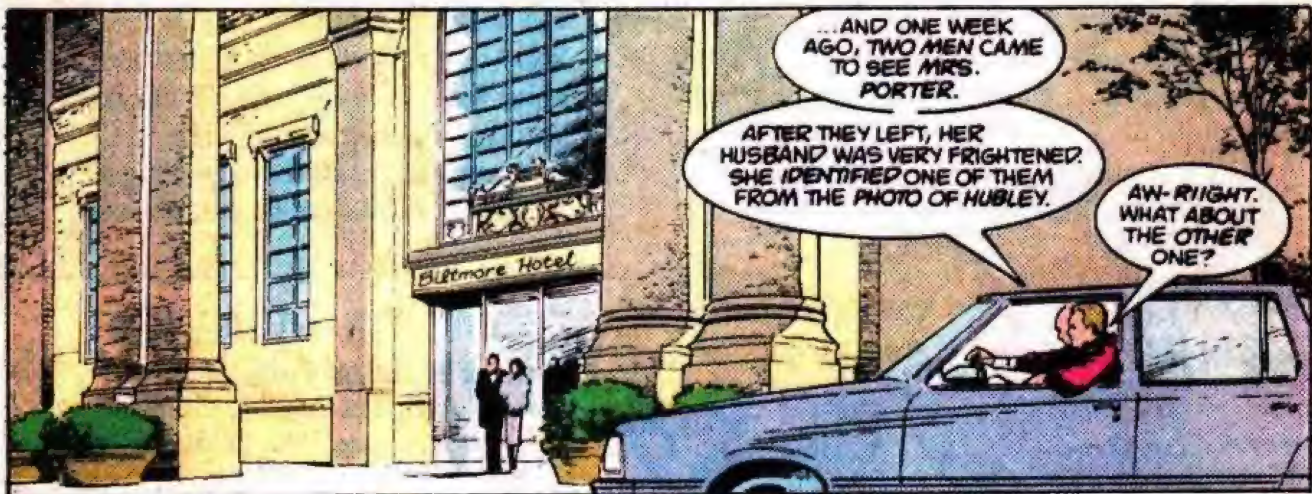
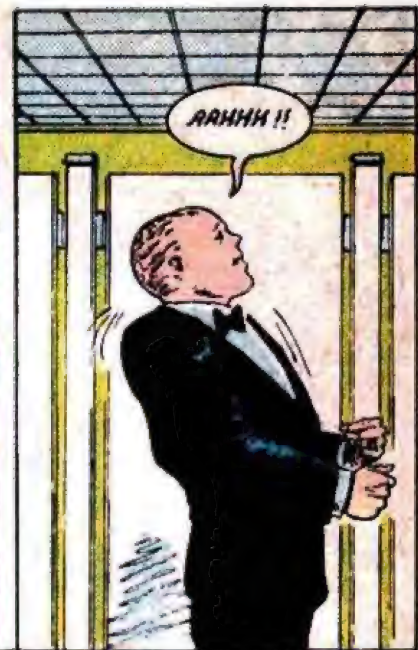
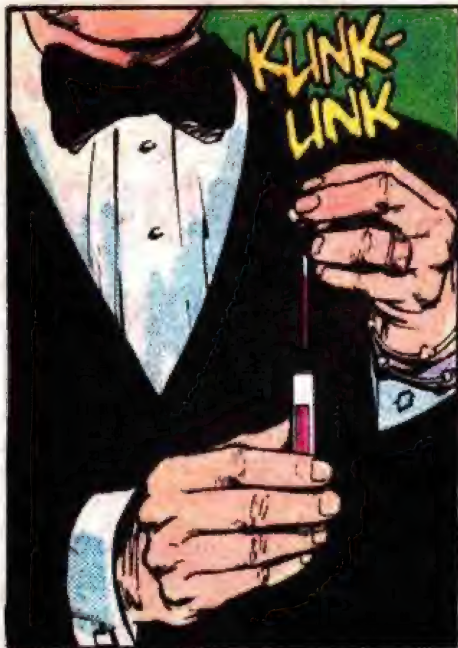


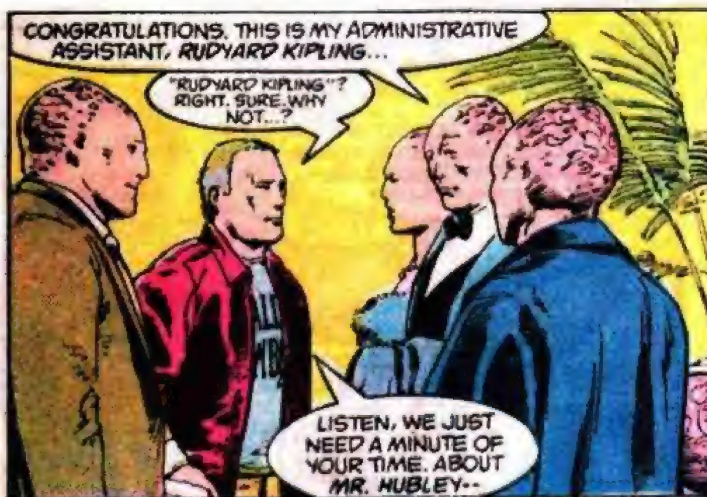














WHADDAYA GONNA DO IF SOMEBODY
DRAWS ON YOU-- WAVE YOUR SCORES
ON THE WRITTEN EXAM AT 'EM?

WHY DID YOU AGREE
TO WORK WITH ME? YOU
DO NOT LIKE ME. YOU
DO NOT LIKE ANY
OF US.

YOU HAVE
NOTHING BUT
CONTEMPT
FOR US...

...AND YET YOU
BECOME AN OUTCAST
FROM YOUR CLUB OF
DETECTIVES BY
MAKING ME YOUR
PARTNER.

HOW LONG
YOU BEEN SHOOTIN'?
THAT'S PITIFUL.

"MY PARTNER" IS
DEAD!...
--BECAUSE ONE OF YOU BASTARDS KILLED HIM--
THEN DISAPPEARED DOWN A RATHOLE IN
SLAGTOWN, WHERE HE'S HOME AND DRY.

... 'CAUSE NOBODY IN SLAGTOWN SEES
NOTHIN'... NOBODY HEARS NOTHIN'. FUNNY
HOW IT JUST HAPPENS TO WORK OUT
THAT WAY, AIN'T IT?
BUT HE DIDN'T COUNT ON
YOU, GEORGE. YOU'RE GONNA
MAKE THEM TALK TO ME--
COMPRENDO?

AND IF FEDORCHUK AND
THE BOYS IN THE BULLPEN
DON'T LIKE IT, SCREW 'EM...
IF WARNER DOESN'T LIKE
IT, SCREW HIM...

...AND IF ALL THE
SLAGS IN SLAGTOWN
DON'T LIKE IT, THEN
SCREW THEM, TOO!

BLAM! BLAM!





I CAN'T SEE DICK IN HERE.

WHICH ONE O' YOU SLAGS IS PORTER?

WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

MY NAME IS SYKES...



SS'AI K'SS?!

CAREFUL, SS'LOKA, YOU MIGHT HURT YOURSELF.



YOU PORTER?

I'LL HANDLE THIS.



SS'KYA TA' SS'LOKA. SS'TROYKA SS'LATO NA'.

NO, MATTHEW. I BELIEVE THIS IS THE ONE YOU--



WHAT'D HE SAY?

YOU DO NOT WANT TO KNOW.

TELL ME.

"YOUR MOTHER MATES OUT OF SEASON."



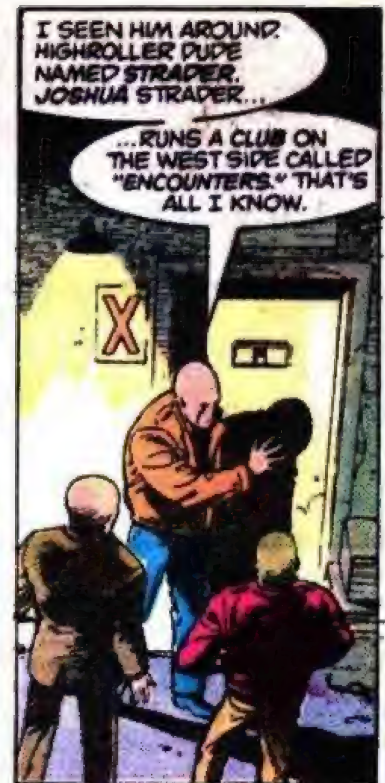
VERY COLORFUL. BUT NOW WE HAVE A PROBLEM:

SINCE I DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTIN' MUCH COOPERATION FROM YOU, PORTER...

...WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE THIS LITTLE SESSION DOWN TO MY OFFICE, Y'KNOW?









NO PROGRESS?

MY ARM'S GETTIN' TIRED, AND SO FAR-- ZIP.

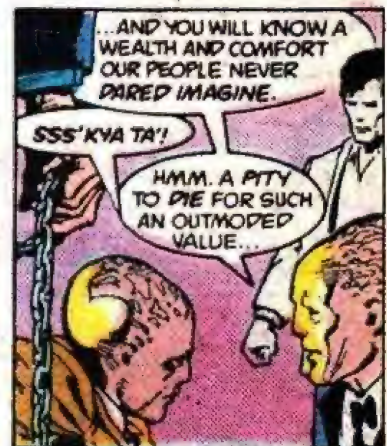
HE IS SS'VERDLATYA SS'ALO TO STRADER-- DUTY-BONDED HIS ALLEGIANCE TO STRADER IS ABOVE PAIN OR LIFE.



Y'MEAN HE'D DIE BEFORE SCREWIN' HIS BOSS AND WORKIN' FOR US? COME ON...

IT IS SOMETHING YOU COULD NOT COMPREHEND, QUINT.

FOR THE LAST TIME, MR. WATSON: WORK FOR ME, MANAGE THE NIGHTCLUB AS STRADER'S SUCCESSOR...



...AND YOU WILL KNOW A WEALTH AND COMFORT OUR PEOPLE NEVER DARED IMAGINE.

SSS'KYA TA!

HMM. A PITY TO DIE FOR SUCH AN OUTMODERD VALUE...



MR. QUINT, I BELIEVE IT'S TIME FOR OUR FRIEND'S SWIMMING LESSON.

YOU WEREN'T WITH US WHEN WE DID THIS TO STRADER, HUH, BILLY? THEN WAIT'LL YOU SEE THIS--

--SEA WATER IS LIKE BATTERY ACID TO THESE GUYS.

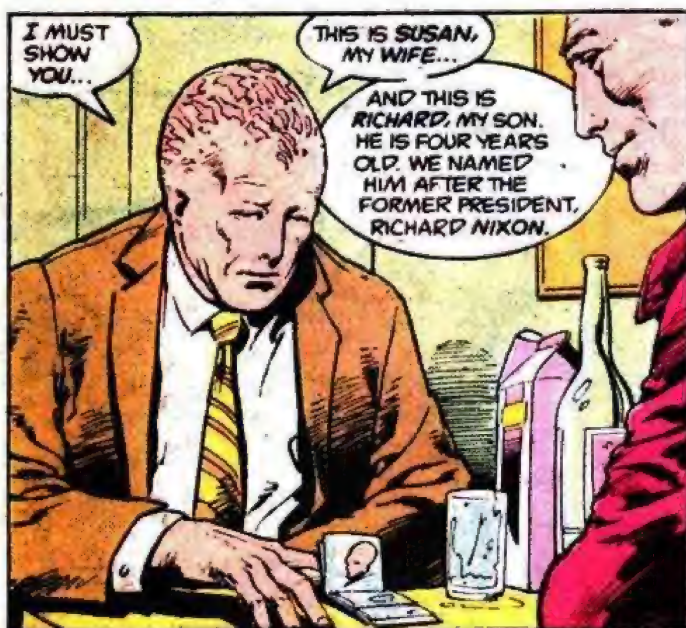


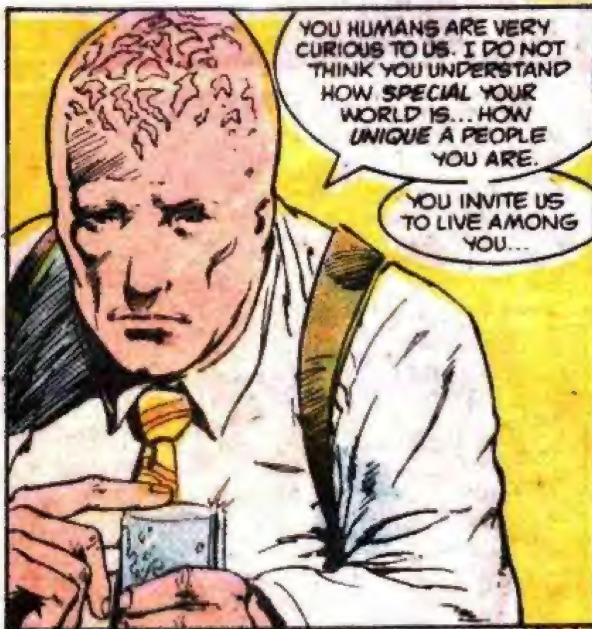
YAAAAH!

LAST CALL, SUCKER--ONE...TWO... THREE...

'WHEN WE WENT TO PICK HIM UP, THOSE TWO COPS WERE SNOOPING AROUND, LOOKING FOR STRADER.'

'THIS IS GETTING OUT OF HAND. DEAL WITH IT, IMMEDIATELY.'







...BUT WE MUST BEAR IT AND BE SLOW TO ANGER, BECAUSE OUR SITUATION HERE IS STILL SO VERY FRAGILE.

WE DON'T UNDERSTAND THE HATRED, THE CONTEMPT...



"THE SEPARATIONISTS WOULD SEE US RETURNED TO THE CAMPS..."



"AND THE FUNDAMENTALISTS SAY WE ARE NOT MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD AND THEREFORE HAVE NO SOULS-- THAT WE HAVE NO MORE HUMAN RIGHTS THAN DOGS OR CATS."

BUT THE PREJUDICE WE FACE HERE IS INSIGNIFICANT, COMPARED TO THE PAIN WE'VE KNOWN BEFORE.

AND THAT IS WHY WE ARE SO... GRATEFUL.



YEAH, WELL... EXCEPT I DID HEAR YOU EAT YOUR DEAD.

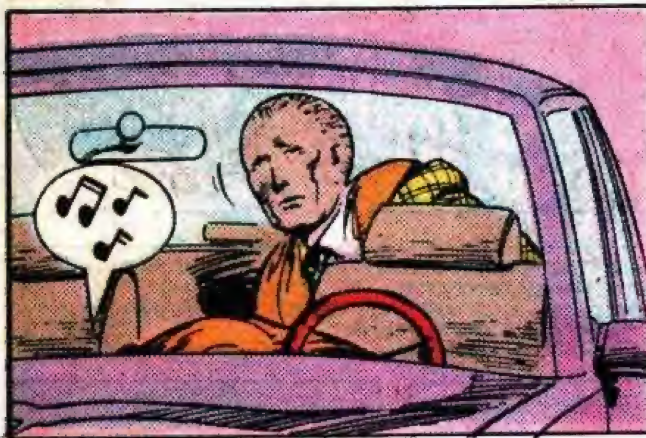
BUT ONLY ON FRIDAYS.

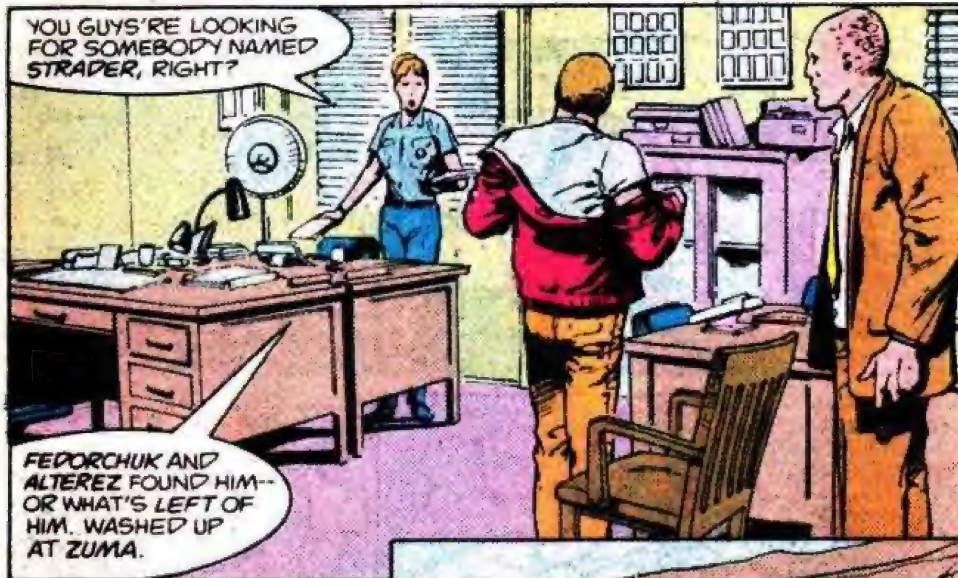


YOU SON OF A BITCH. YOU'RE OKAY.

I MUST GO HOME.

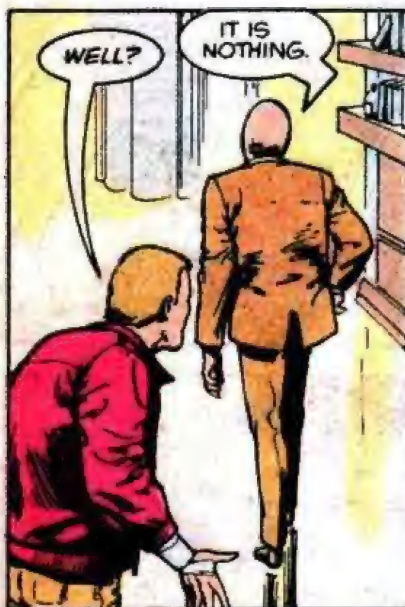
YEAH, GET SOME SLEEP...

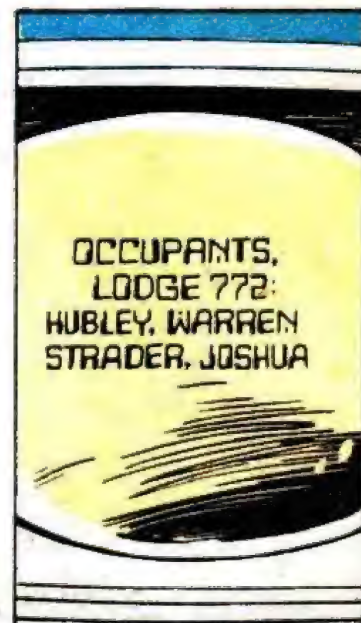
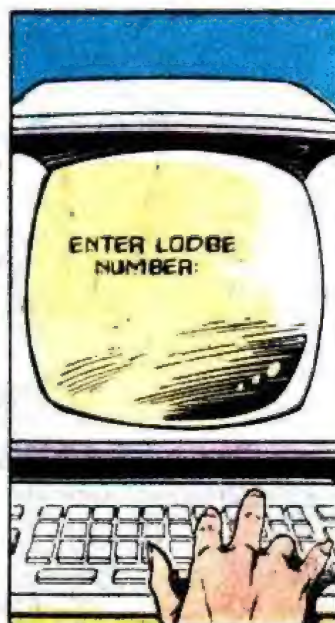
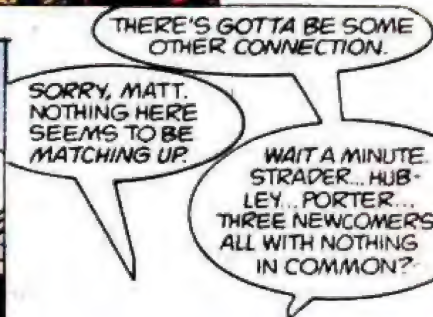


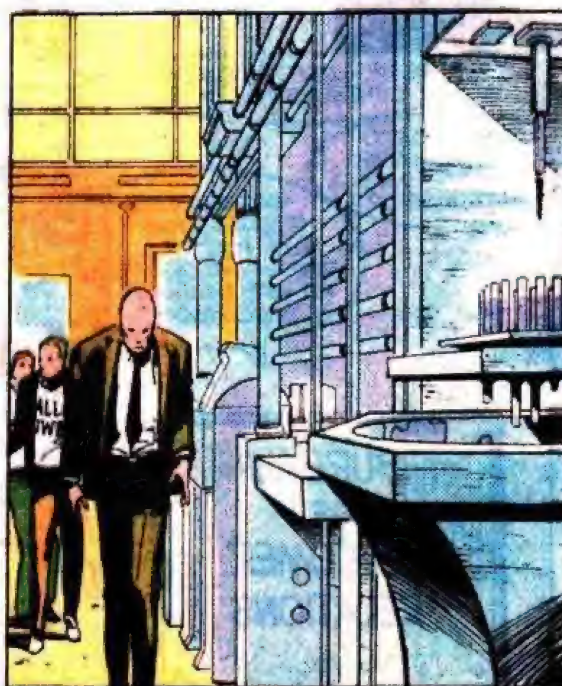


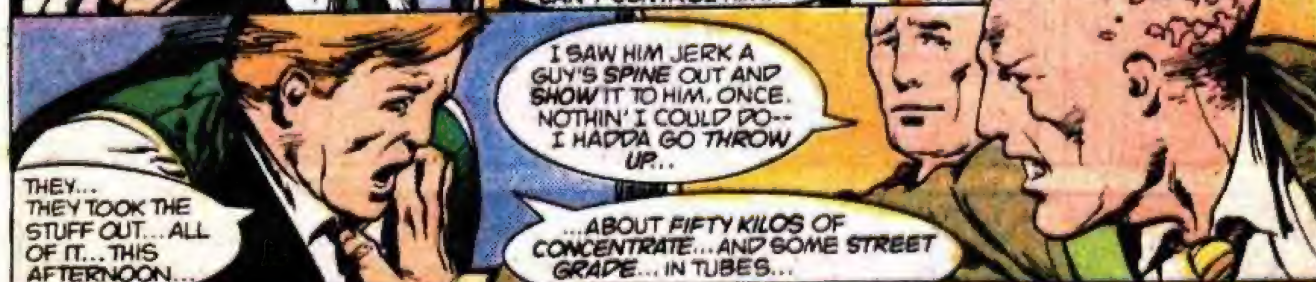




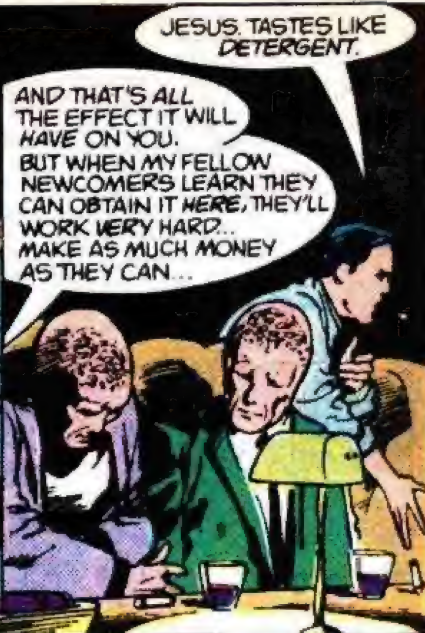
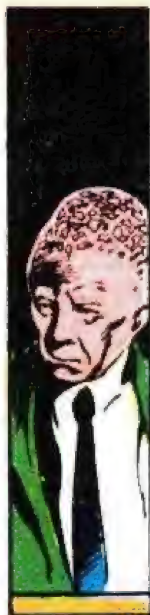
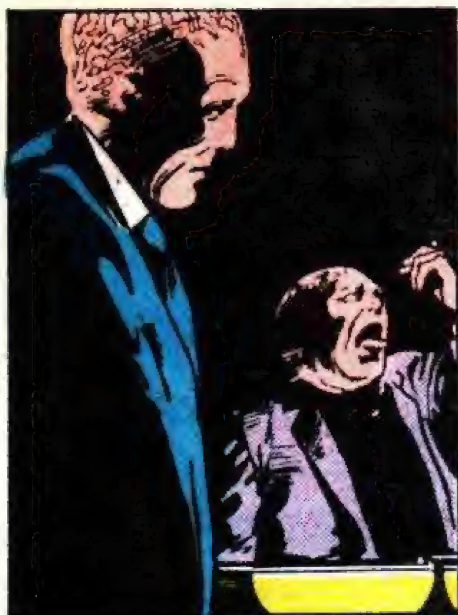












LET ME TRY SOME.

JESUS, TASTES LIKE DETERGENT.

AND THAT'S ALL THE EFFECT IT WILL HAVE ON YOU. BUT WHEN MY FELLOW NEWCOMERS LEARN THEY CAN OBTAIN IT HERE, THEY'LL WORK VERY HARD... MAKE AS MUCH MONEY AS THEY CAN...



...AND GIVE IT TO ME.

YOU HAVEN'T TOLD THEM ALL OF IT.

YEEH, HE'S GOT THE C-4 CHARGE!



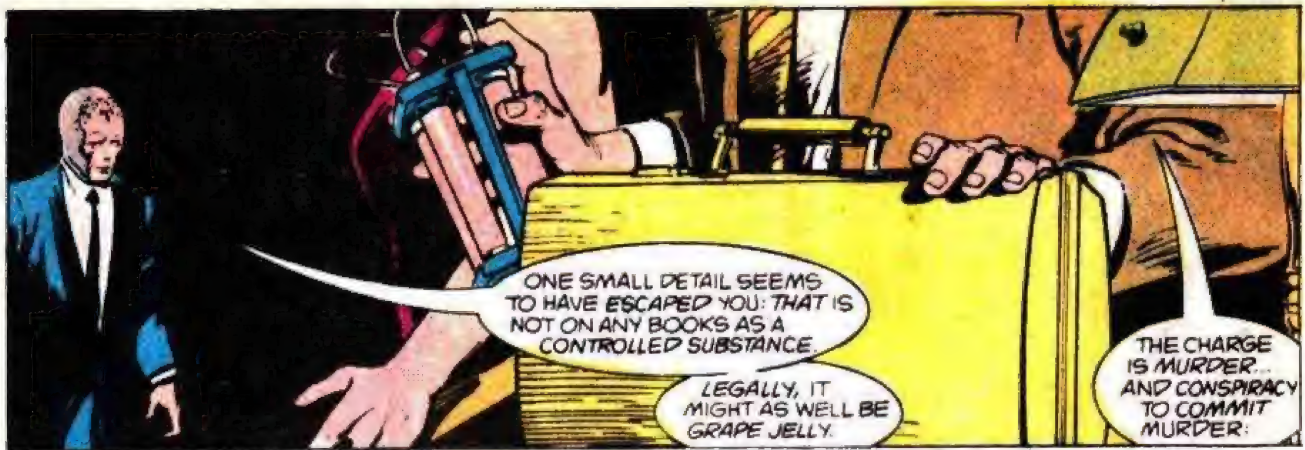
JUST TAKE IT REAL CASUAL, BUDDY. KEEP YOUR FINGER ON THAT BUTTON AND DON'T DO NOTHIN' SQUIRRELY.

IF YOU RELEASE THE BUTTON, YOU NOT ONLY KILL US, BUT YOURSELF.



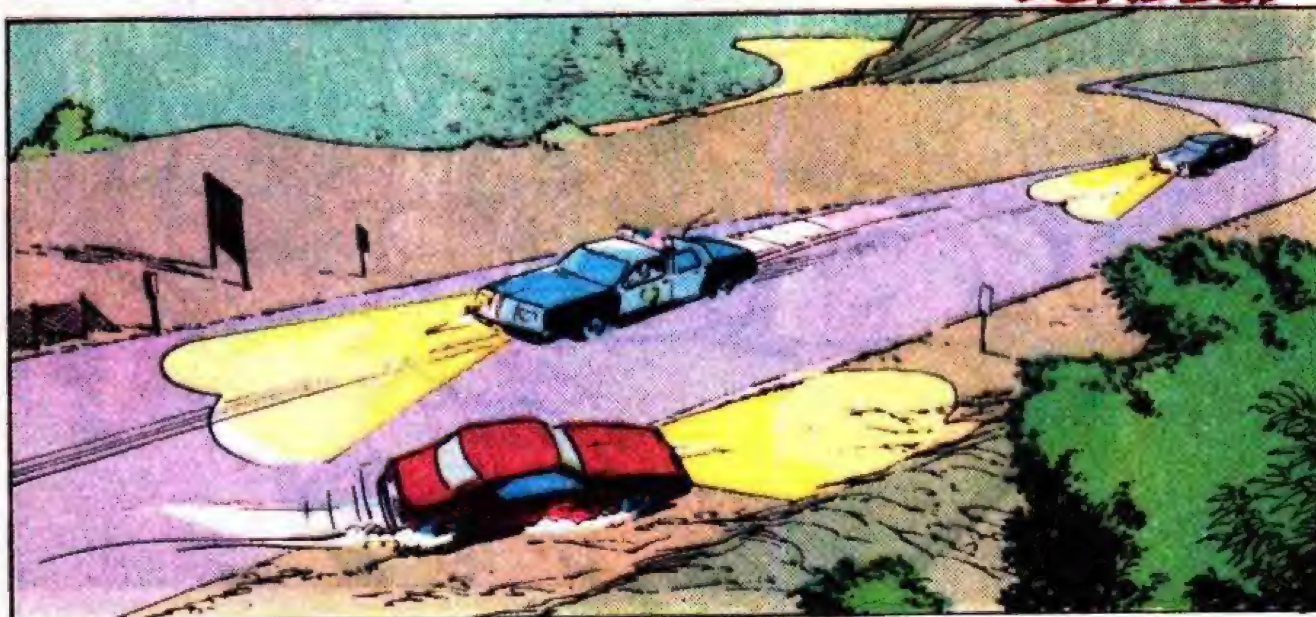
TO GET YOU AND THAT, I WOULD DO IT.

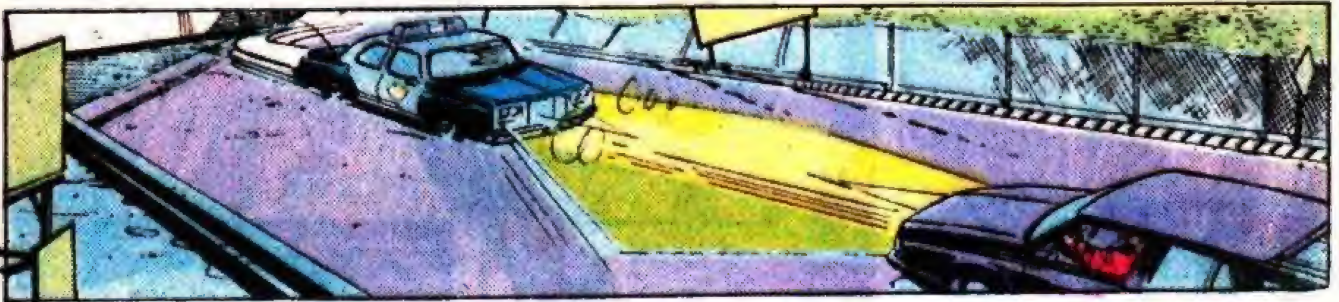
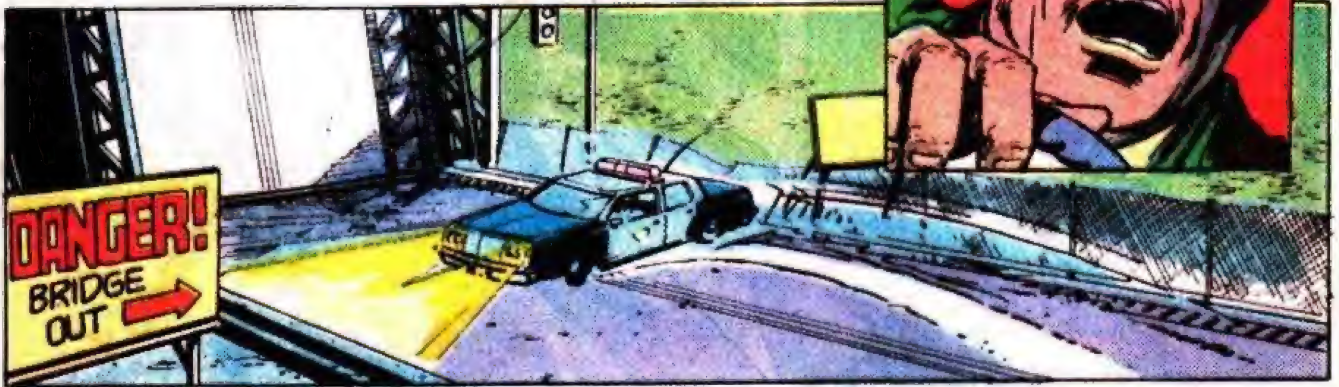
NOW, EVERYONE UP AGAINST THE WALL. VERY SLOWLY. EXCEPT YOU, HARCOURT.













MOVE A FINGER, HARCOURT, AND YOU'RE HISTORY.

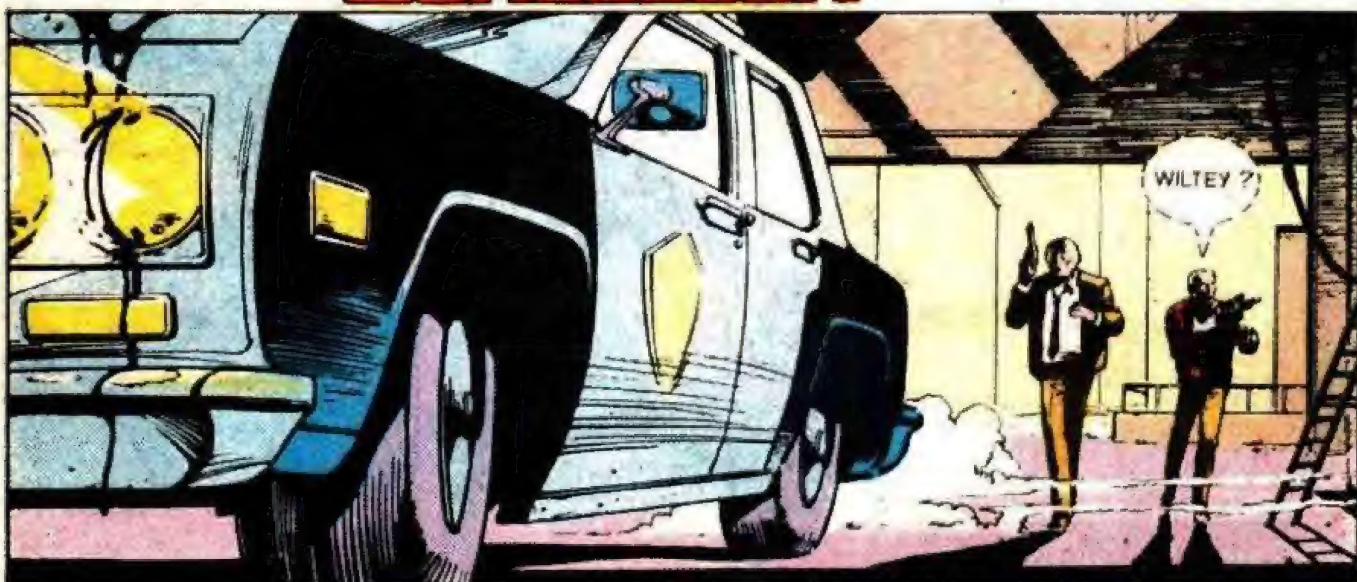
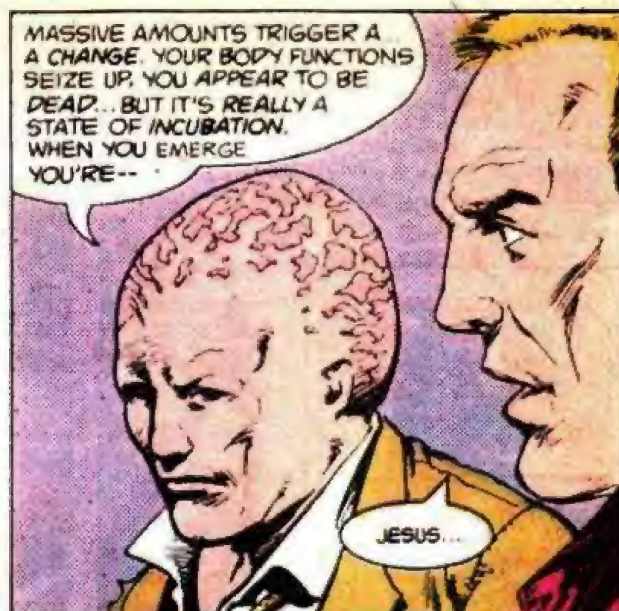
NO, SERGEANT-- NOT HISTORY...

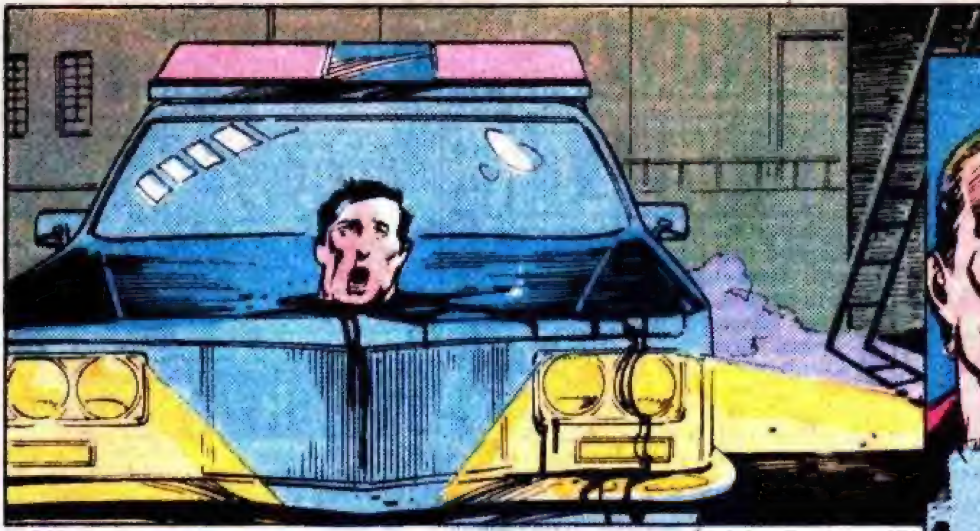
THERE'S NOTHING DOWN THERE BUT SEA WATER, HARCOURT-- YOU GOT NO PLACE TO GO.







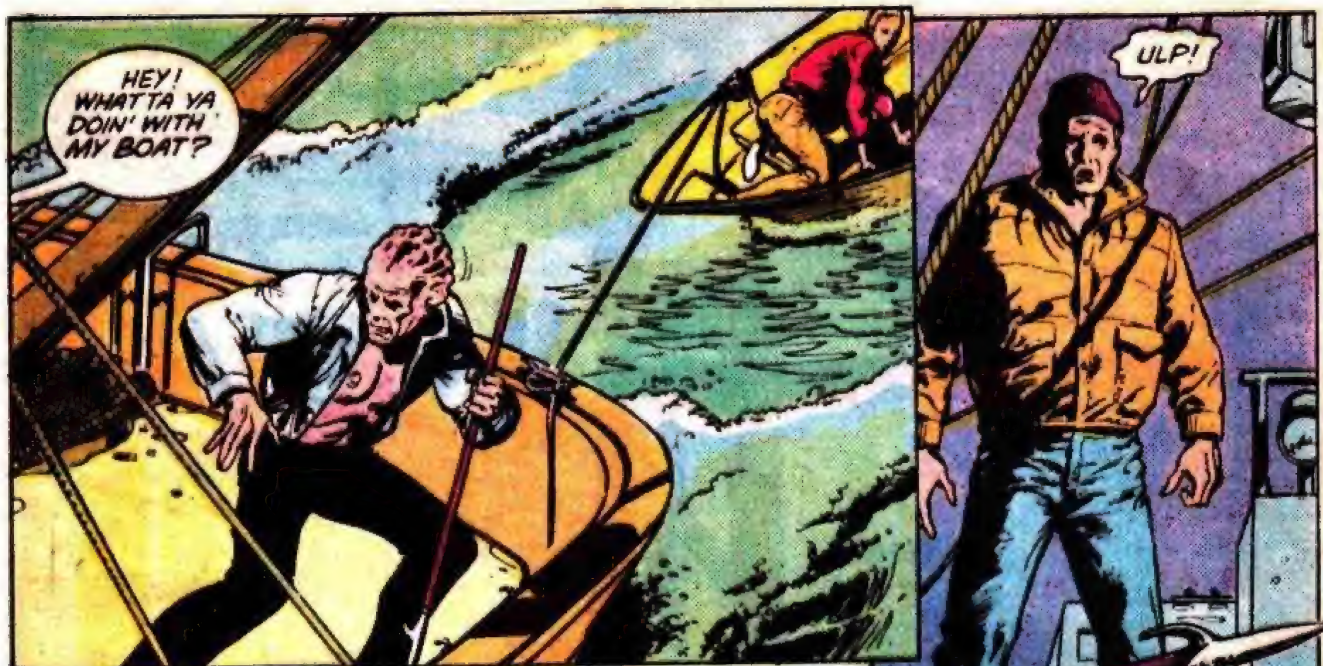
















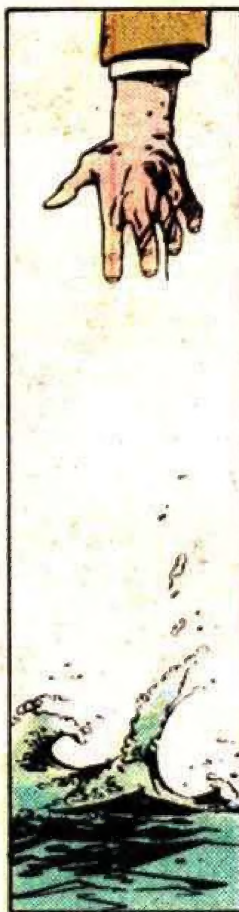
TAKE IT DOWN!

TAKE IT DOWN!

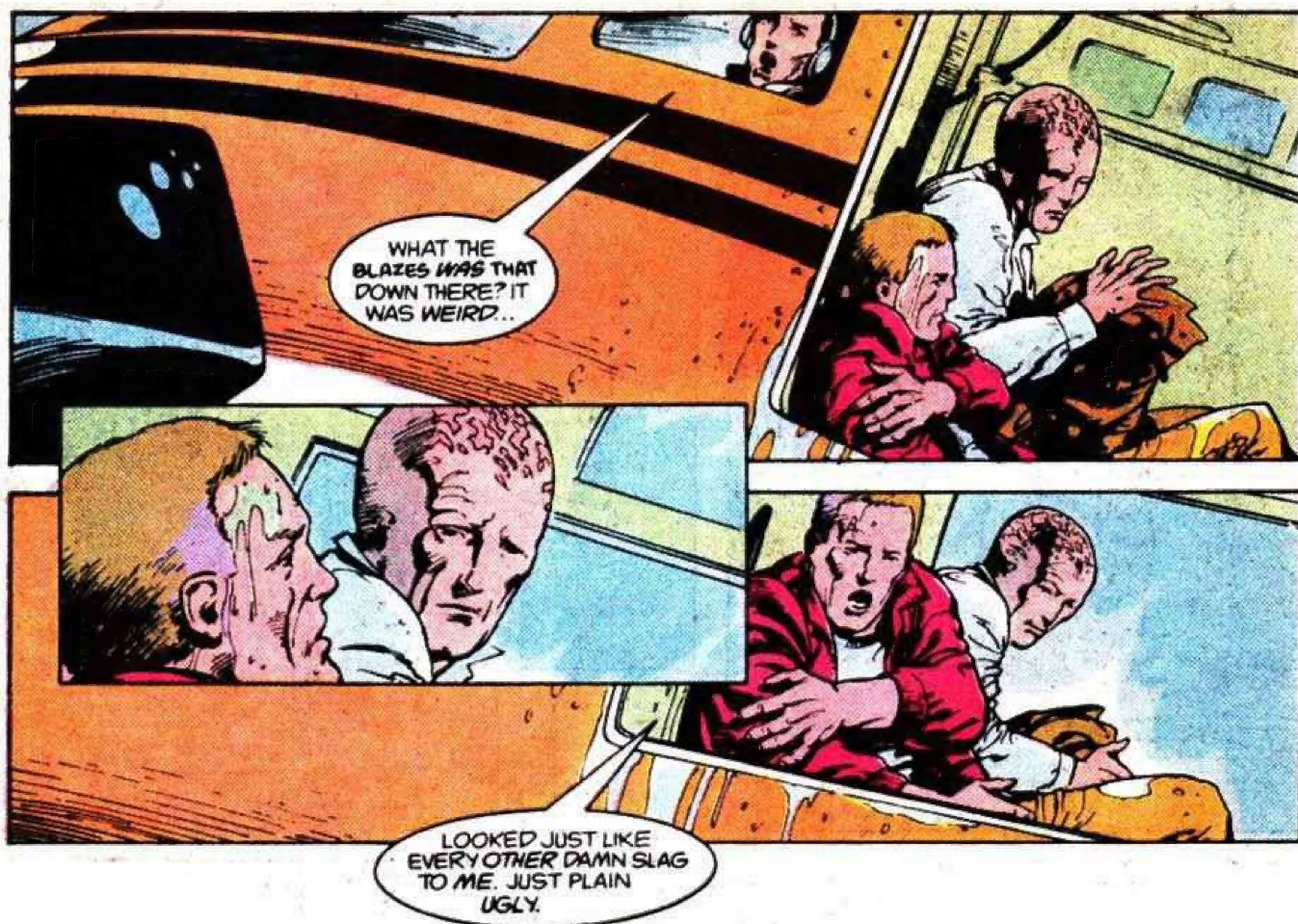
ALL THE WAY!

I CAN'T! IT'LL DITCH!









SUNDAY:





NO MORE "BORED" GAMES!

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